



**THE OLD KIRK YARD,  
FAVORITE BALLAD**

*Sung by*

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**NEW YORK:**

*Published by* **FIRTH & HALL, 1. Franklin Sq.**

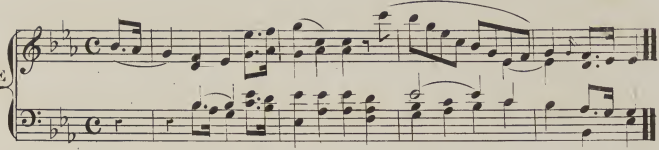




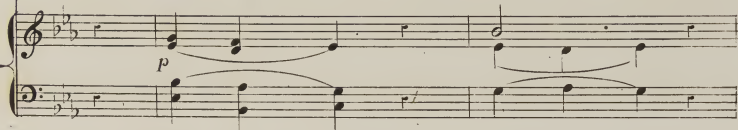
THE OLD KIRK YARD

Thos Haynes Bayly Esq<sup>r</sup>

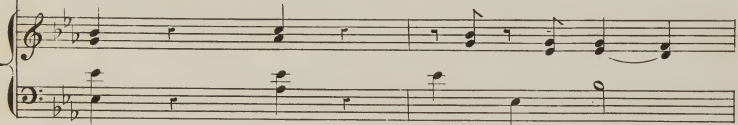
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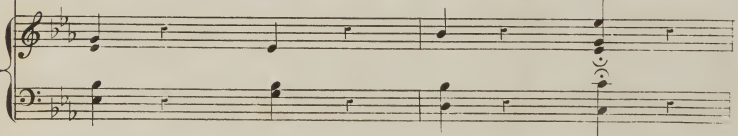
Oh come come with me to the old Kirk - yard I



well know the path thro' the soft green sward,



Friends slum - ber there, we were wont to re - gard We'll



trace out their names in the old Kirk - - - yard Oh

mourn not for them, their grief is o'er, Oh weep not for them, they

weep no more, For deep is their sleep, tho' cold and hard, Their

pil - - low may be in the old Kirk - yard.

know it is vain when friends de-part, To breathe kind words to a  
bro-ken heart, I know that the joy of life seems marr'd When we  
fol-low them home to the old Kirk-yard.

But were I at rest be neath yon tree,

Why should'st thou weep dear love, for me, I'm way-worn and sad, Ah,

why then re-tard, The rest that I seek in the old Kirk yard.